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ORPHEUS,
PRIEST of NATURE,

AND

PROPHET OF INFIDELITY;

The Rev & David Williams.

OR,

The ELEUSINIAN MYSTERIES Revived.

A P O E M,

IN THREE CANTOS:

L O N D O N :

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M, DCC, LXXXI.

O R P H E O S
P R I E S T O F N A T U R E

A N D
P R O P H E T O F I N F I D E L I T Y

O R
T H E E L E M E N T A R Y M Y S T E R I E S R E V I S E D

A D P O E M

I N T H R E E C A N T O S



ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following composition was put into the Editor's hands by a Friend who met with it accidentally. From several passages it appears to have been written some time since. Who was the Author, or whether He intended it for the press, He cannot pretend to say. But on reading it, He thought He saw so much poetry, wit, and satire, as would justify his laying it before the Public. Tho' the Author does not spare the particular object of his censure, He is equally severe on many other characters both dead and living. With this the Editor has no concern; nor is He answerable for the justice or injustice of the invective. The Public will judge. He claims no other merit than that of rescuing from oblivion, a performance, which in his opinion, has great desert considered as a literary work. Had it been published by the Author, probably it would have been more highly finished, and correct. But tho' He might imagine some particular lines or phrases were exceptionable, He thought it his duty to act the faithful Editor, and give it in it's genuine and original dress. He has only taken the liberty of supplying a few notes, where the text seemed to require them.

ORPHEUS, PRIEST OF NATURE,

And PROPHET of INFIDELITY,

OR,

The ELEUSINIAN MYSTERIES Revived.

A P O E M,

IN THREE CANTOS.

C A N T O I.

ARGUMENT.

THE British Orpheus (1), Priest of Nature (2), gives up the Society of Saints. Leaves his Pupils, and goes to Buxton. Some account

(1) Our Hero was christened *David*, from a predilection in his pious Parents to the mythology of the Old Testament. But the ambition of the Youth soon discovered itself. He was foremost in every rebellion at School: had some project of his own to lead away the boys from their Business; and when he entered on his religious Office he stript himself gradually of one principle and doctrine after another, till nothing but naked nature was left. But his favourite ambition was to free others from all the shackles of what he called false opinion; this, according to him was the business of Orpheus, and for this he died. Orpheus, says this apostate Divine, was the first Priest of Nature, and he professed his wish to become the second; as nothing since the Eleusinian Mysteries had been instituted in favour of Infidelity.

(2) *Priest of Nature.* The origin of this Appellation has embarrassed the Critics and scandalous Biographers of our Hero. It has been ascribed to his own vanity. A competent origin it must be owned; but in the present case, not the real one. On the first

account of his pedigree. Enters the Devil's A—-a-peak. Interview there between Him and Infidelity. The Goddess described. Her speech to Orpheus. His initiation. She determines to place her Prophet in a more conspicuous sphere. Conveys him to London, seats him on a throne in Margaret's Chapel, and proclaims his arrival by sound of trumpet.

FROM Saints (3) escap'd, who strove in vain to bind
In rigid shackles his elastic mind,
Who will'd him to dodge on in narrow track,
Stooping to burthens vile his generous back;
Or in the clumsy body-cloaths array'd,
Which old Hypocrisy, (their Taylor) made,
Amble, or trot; and of a Sect the Slave,
Still hide the Shape which bounteous Nature gave:
From Education's more alluring schemes,
And systematic rules, (by some call'd dreams,)
But which, emerg'd from speculative thought,
To due perfection he might well have brought;
For Envy, though against her will, must own
This was the sphere in which he might have shone:

opening of his Deistic Commission; a party of his Disciples had a monthly Club; which they profanely called *sacramental*. The use of the Cup was allowed even to Inebriation. It was always a Ceremony to toast their Lecturer on their knees; but they were at a loss for a Name; and a Socratic Woollen-Draper of Covent-Garden, hit off the Appellation of Priest of Nature. From him it got into the Morning Chronicle, St. James's, and other Prints. The Priest himself interposed and dissolved this sacramental Club.

(3) Vide Essays on Publick Worship, Patriotism, &c.

(4) The Author does not imitate the generality of Satyrists in blotting all the features of a character. Though as a daring and mischievous Innovator he would hold up to contempt and abhorrence the present Hero of his Tale, he could not deny him his full and acknowledged merit, as a man of great address and integrity in every thing he undertakes with regard to young people.

Fled

Fled from his *Academic Seat* away,
 While Fathers wonder at his long delay,
 And destin'd Pupils in their presence mourn,
 But inly hope he never may return :
 Too proud to flatter, too sincere to lye,
 And with his station's needful arts comply,
 With Rivals in the trade to interest true,
 Their abject dirty meanness to pursue;
 Humour Mama's spoil'd Favourite at school,
 And breed young hopeful Master, knave or fool,
 DAVID, by *wild romantic Fancy* led,
 From *Chelfea's* environs, to *Buxton* fled.
Enthusiast like, free as the vagrant wind,
 Leaving Saints, Sinners, Pupils, all behind.
 DAVID his *Christian*, and his *Jewish* name,
 But *modern ORPHEUS* in the rolls of fame.

E'er farther our advent'rous rhimes proceed,
 Stop *Muse* ! and celebrate our *Hero's breed* !
 For should we, not to *this*, attention pay,
 His *vanity* would ne'er forgive the lay.
 In verse indeed his *lineage* to recount
 Might poze *Apollo* on the sacred mount,
 Unless, while toasted cheese his nose regales,
 In later times, He hath removed to *Wales*,
 On *Snowden*, or *Plinlimmon's* summit strays,
 And belches forth harsh gutturals with ease.

Suffice it then his *pedigree* to mention,
 A long, long catalogue, without invention,

Where

Where *Aps* succeeded *Aps*, a numerous band,
 Enough t' enclose full many a rood of land.
 Not *Dido's* thongs a larger scope embraced,
 Tho' in the midst an ample town was placed.
 Old *Heroes* in the muster-roll appear'd,
 Renown'd, and famous, for their length of beard.
 With *Monarchs* whom no history e'er knew,
 Their actions not more wonderful, than true.
Bards likewise, whose unrivall'd works are lost,
 With some who live in spite of time and frost.
 There, vaunted *Sires* of their undoubted Son,
Howell, Llewellyn, Talieffin shone.
 In short, extended back through many an age,
 Reach'd the vast stem, on this *authentic* page.
 Christians and Heathens, Romans, Greeks, Jews join,
 Till *ORPHEUS* finishes th'illustrious line.

Thus with propriety to *classic* ears,
 The name of his great *Ancestor* He bears,
 Inheritor of all his boasted parts
 His wisdom, music, and sublimest arts,
 His *mystery-piercing-eye*, of power to see
 Whatever is, or was, or e'er could be.
 And that prolific, *fiction-teeming* brain,
 Which in *unfolding*, darken'd them again.

Our tribute offer'd at the shrine of *pride*,
 With me on *horseback*, or in *chaises* ride

Aonian

Aonian Maid to *Buxton*! (5) or resign'd
 To thy high guidance, on the viewless wind
 Rap me at once to where our *Hero* strays
 Romantic subjects claim romantic lays.
 Poets and Prophets could in times (of old,
 With vehicles miraculous make bold;
 Saddled, or harness'd, stood at their desire
 Horses with plumed wings, or carrs of fire:
 If Nature to their dictates then would bow,
 We want but *faith* to make her truckle now.
 The *Muse* attends! We mount! She gives her aid!
 Swift was our prosperous course, *Aonian Maid*!
 And lo! the *Subject* of our Song! He quits
 The village bounds, and starts, and stares by fits;
 Now talks aloud, and now in silence moves.
 Let us pursue Him wheresoe'er he roves!
 We *did* pursue Him; that I then could trace!
 His Soul's most secret motions in his face,
 That now his deeds I paint in numbers free,
 Was, and is due, *Aonian Maid*! to thee.

A wond'rous place there is, long known to fame,
 And celebrated by its coarser name;
 But stiled by *Cotton*, (who was finely penn'd)
 The *Intestinum Rectum* of the Fiend.

(5) On a melancholy event in his family, the *Hero* of this work, instead of submitting to Providence, like a Christian Philosopher, fled like a heathen one from the scene of his misfortune, and while his affairs were going to ruin, he was rambling like a person insane in the wilds of Derbyshire, where he conceived the Plan of substituting Nature for Revelation.

A *Chasm* which underneath the beetling rock
 Was form'd of old by some terrific shock,
 When fierce *Volcanoes* roar'd throughout the nation,
 And *Lavas* spread disastrous conflagration
 Before the fabled *Æra* (6) of creation.
 An entrance dark, and strait, and sooth to tell,
 According with its title passing well.
 But farther onward beauteous scenes arise,
 The massy-pillar'd arch (7), immense of size;
 Roofs, whence the *Naid Gnomes* for ever weep,
 Lakes, on whose margin *Silence* loves to sleep;
 And *Contemplation* coolest air to breathe,
 Or gaze (8) upon the glitt'ring sands beneath.
 Grottoes, and domes, exciting *Fancy's* stare,
 And sounding waves startling her busy ear.
 Thus, *Satan*, tho' in *Ano* rather frightful,
 Can boast, it seems, a *Calon* most delightful.

(6) This opinion Orpheus was very assiduous in impressing on the good people of Derbyshire.

(7) The author seems to have misplaced the *arch* here. May not the old adage be applied to him, 'Great Wits, &c,' Or the whole possibly is meant only as a poetical description. For whatever Cotton, Hobbes, and Dr. Leigh might have thought of the beauty and singularity of this Wonder of the Peak, the Author of the Tour through Great Britain will not allow that it hath any thing wonderful or beautiful in it. But perhaps the Poet may have crossed the third River in this Cavern, and visited the fairy land beyond it: an Account of which is given by Gervaise of Tillbury. If so, Difficulties are reconciled.

(8) Or gaze, &c.] How can Contemplation be said to gaze on the glittering sands in so dark a place? The Poet should either have furnished her with a Candle, or told his Readers, that she had Cat's Eyes.---*Cat-eyed* Contemplation would be no bad Epithet; and I recommend the use of it to those Bards of the present Age, who are so fond of compound ones.

Impell'd

Impell' by *dreams* and *visions* of the night,
 By *inward quakings*, or by *inward light*,
 Or by the *name itself* seduc'd, or led
 By *potent instinct*, hither ORPHEUS sped.

His loins girt close, while *Abab's* Chariot roll'd,
 By Heav'n's inspiring spirit, swift, and bold,
 As ran of yore the *Tilbbite* thro' the road,
 So hurried on *our Man*, but not, of *God*.

Snatching a flambeau, thro' the outer vent,
 Into the bowels of *Old Nick* He went,
 Without a Guide: awhile he look'd around,
 Then dash'd, *Entranc'd*, the flambeau on the ground,
 Darkness and solitude about him spread,
 No interruption checks his working head;
 A thousand schemes revolving, He essays
 A thousand paths, a thousand diff'rent ways,
 To gain *pre-eminence*, and soar to *praise*.
 "What shall He do, to be for ever known,
 And make the ages yet to come his own?"
 What shall he do, to break the *gen'ral* bar,
 And rise o'er all, *supremely singular*?

As thus his soul in mazy projects lost,
 Like some light bark, on *Fancy's sea* was tost,
 While *Thought romantic* o'er the sails presides
 And Pilot *Vanity* the rudder guides,
 First through the mountain roll'd an hollow sound,
 An earthquake dire convulsed the labouring ground,

With

With onset stern, conflicting whirlwinds rave,
And the blue light'ning flashes thro' the cave;
By which He sees its solid rock divide,
And sudden issue from th' expansion wide,
A *Female Shape*, if *shape* it might be stil'd,
Which *form* had none, grotesque, and strange, and wild;
Or *female* might be call'd, of *monstrous mein*;
Or *substance*, what was but a *shade* obscene;
Yet on its head a *seeming* crown it wore,
A *seeming* sceptre in its hand it bore.

ORPHEUS was struck with terror at the sight,
The *Devil!* he exclaim'd, in pale affright;
Echo receiv'd the Sound, and not uncivil;
Thro' every vaulted cave, replied The *Devil!*
The *Phantom* could not but enjoy the joke,
First grinn'd a ghastly smile, and thus It spoke.

" Fear not, my *Son*, I come a *Friend* profess,
" To soothe all dread, and recompose thy breast,
" Let then thy standing hair be flat again,
" Contract thy eyes, thy chatt'ring teeth restrain,
" My name is *Infidelity*, begot
" On *Chance* by *Chaos*, when in secret grot
" The *Anarch* t'ward her stole with faltering limp,
" And at the door, *Eternity* stood pimp.
" *Fate*, who unerring, and all-powerful reigns,
" Who made, and who the Universe sustains,
" Decreed this happy day, when I should be,
" Reveal'd, seen, heard, and understood by thee.

No

" No longer hid within a clouded Zone,
 " But known essentially to thee alone.
 " And great, believe me, is our task—but why
 " Didst thou, my darling child, the *Devil* cry?
 " (Yet who can help involuntary fears?
 " Thou art a mortal, and hast eyes and ears).
 " That *bugbear*, that *chimæra*, hath indeed
 " Long time I know, been banish'd from thy creed.
 " Oh! could I from thy mind erase as well
 " The thoughts of *Deity* (9), as those of *Hell*,
 " Within thy soul complete dominion gain,
 " Wash *all* the nurse's legend from thy brain,
 " And stamp thee *Atheist*!—But I must submit—
 " *Thou* for my *present* work at least art fit.

" Let then *ambition* in thy bosom rise,
 " Aided by me, go, clear a nation's eyes.
 " Down with the *Prophets*, down they shall, and must
 " Trample the *Cross*, like *Hollanders*, in dust.
 " Banish the *Son*, he cannot stand the shock,
 " And in a dungeon deep the *Spirit* lock,
 " 'Gainst the religion of thy country strive,
 " The *Eleusinian* (10) *Mysteries* revive,
 " By me inspired.—Let *Glocester's* *Prelate* (11) *dote*,
 " Let blundering *critics*, (12) blundering *critics* quote,

D

" This

(9) It is the complaint of the *Esprits* *Forts* of the Age against *ORPHEUS*, that he talks of a *Deity* having Attributes consisting of something like a moral Character; which they say is a Phantom, banished the Universe long since. This has occasioned several Secessions from his Society.

(10) (11) (12) *Eleusinian Mysteries*, &c.—*Glocester's Prelate*,—*Blundering Critics*,

[&c.]

" This knowledge ever was from them conceal'd;
 " *Mysteries* must be *mysteriously* reveal'd;
 " And such thy lot, O greatly-favour'd wight,
 " This cave shall witness the *Deistic* rite.

" This fillet round thy hallow'd brow I twine—
 " I breathe—the *secret principles* are thine
 " By which my sons in distant ages born
 " Their country's legal worship laugh'd to scorn,
 " And *thy disciples* in these modern days
 " May sport in maddest pleasure's hottest rays;
 " Whate'er their *crimes*, without *repentance* die,
 " And future pangs and punishments defy.

" And now, these *talismans*, these *charms* be thine,
 " These *Cabalistic* words, in number nine,
 " Which whispering, I impart.—'Twas thus each *sage*
 " By me inform'd, graced the *Socratic* age.
 " With *Alcibiades*, each gallant youth
 " Enamour'd stood, and gazed on *naked* truth,
 " With *Pericles*, each politician came,
 " Their raptur'd bosoms caught the enlightening flame.
 " While my *Aspasia*, and each *easy piece*
 " Their wisdom shar'd; so blest, my son, was *Greece*."

[&c.] The Eleusinian Mysteries have greatly puzzled the Critics, among whom none hath been more distinguished than the late Bishop Warburton. Some have thought that in these Mysteries the initiated were instructed in the doctrine of the immateriality and immortality of the soul; others that they were guarded against the Fears of Death, by being assured the soul was mortal: the latter seems to be the opinion of the Author.

" But

" But lest the fate of *ancient Orpheus* rise
 " Before thy soul, and shock thy mental eyes,
 " Under (13) *establish'd forms* with strictest care
 " Thy *mysteries* veil! be wise! nor rashly dare!
 " A temple waits thee; *prayers*, and what to *preach*
 " *Myself* (as time requires) will duely teach."

She spake; He lowly bow'd. Then straddling wide
 She on her *airy sceptre* fate astride;
 Bade the advent'rous *Prophet* mount behind Her,
 Who *Sansho-like* with griping arms intwin'd Her.
 Furious along th' aerial way they haste,
 The *Parish Churches* trembled as they pass,
 The *Bumpkins* and their *Priests* look'd up aghast.
 Nor stay'd they, till in proud *Augusta's* streets
 Safe they alight: *the Goddess ORPHEUS* greets.
 To *Margaret's Chapel*, then *her Minion* brings,
 And (while his tumid mind despises Kings)
 Plac'd him conspicuous on a new-rais'd throne,
 Which bright with gems of *paste* and *tinsel* shone.
 There (like the *Patriot Dame*) with conscious worth
 He sat; while She for Homagers went forth.
 A brazen trumpet in her right hand took,
 And blew a blast which the *wide city* shook,
 The echoing buildings *all* proclaim th' event,
 The palace, squares, and distant monument.

(13) The whole Deistic Worship was artfully conducted in legal forms. When a select Society was formed, the worship was given up; and the members now meet, exactly like the *initiated* in the Eleusinian Mysteries. The reader will perceive that the whole of the Poem was written while the Deistic Chapel was open.

ORPHEUS,

ORPHEUS, PRIEST OF NATURE, &c.

A P O E M,

IN THREE CANTOS,

C A N T O II.

ARGUMENT.

The Royal Society at the sound of the trumpet of Infidelity hasten to the Chapel. Previous to their approach, the Goddess herself meets FRANKLIN, and leads him to the door. Interview and coalition between him and ORPHEUS. The Royal Society appear, PRINGLE, WILSON, BANKS, SOLANDER, particularly mentioned. The Artists succeed, REYNOLDS, WEST. The Foreign Artists. The Musicians and Opera-singers, GIARDANI. The Actors and Actresses, GARRICK, YATES, BARRY. The Poets, KENRICK, TICKLE, &c. COLMAN, SHERIDAN. The Physicians, JEBB, HEBERDEN, ELLIOT. Lawyers, MANSFIELD, THURLOW, WEDDERBURN, DUNNING, WALLACE.

SONS of Philosophy, the Royal Clan
Hear, and obey the summons to a man.

SIR JOHN, as round each nodding member dozed,
His long and opiate speech abruptly closed.

Always

Always intent on something *new* to pry,
 Monster, abortion, worm, or snail, or fly,
 To *nature's chapel* they devoutly hie.

But FRANKLIN, (who was absent,) in the street
 Chanced *Infidelity* herself to meet:
 Who, e'er the rest appear'd, the *Veteran* bore,
 And saw him (1) enter at the *temple* door.
 This done, a blast once and again she blew,
 Then changed her shape, and on a rafter flew,
 Turn'd to a *spider*, where she might survey,
 Her *Favourite's* triumph on that glorious day.

FRANKLIN approach'd the throne, his reverend head
 The *Senior* stoop'd submiss, and thus He said.
 " All hail illustrious ORPHEUS! erst my Friend!
 " Deliverer from *Old Gods!* to thee I bend!
 " To crown this *sapient æra* thou wert born,
 " This *æra*, which so nobly I adorn.
 " To combat *old religious whims*, is thine,
 " To overturn *old Governments*, is mine.
 " To laugh at *Heaven's dread fires* I teach mankind,
 " From *fires below* do Thou set free their mind!

(1) The Poet is here guilty of an omission. The first Experiments of the Priest of Nature; in developing the Mysteries of Infidelity were at FRANKLIN's House. The cabals of the present *retired* Society are of the same Nature, with those at FRANKLIN's, and are to have their effects next winter: but not in Margaret-Street: the Methodists having defeated Orpheus there; and taken possession of the Chapel.

" Or say, We join our powers? what *infant Sect*
" Can without *wonders* its weak head erect?
" My magic *Kite*, all my *Electric* skill
" Shall be subservient to thy guiding will.
" Compose, harangue, procure the melting lay;
" While *I* work *miracles*, and *signs* display.
" Besides, thy plan to consecrate, what name
" Can vie with *mine*, in dignity and fame?

The *Prophet* smiled assent. Congenial hearts
No mean and distant ceremony parts;
Theirs instant mix'd, both ready to engage,
Reform, enlighten, and *deceive* the age.

But now the *Royal Brotherhood* draw near,
PRINGLE in front, and *Wilson* in the rear.
Pringle, a *Scotsman* true, within whose breast
No *God* is recognized but *interest*,
Attended to the *Plan*—" 'Twas good—'twas right"—
But being blest with prudent *second sight*,
He saw that no *advantage* would arise,
So, *shuffling*, pleaded his *infirmities*.

WILSON, in whose bones, arteries, and brains
The quintessence of *contradiction* reigns,
Who FRANKLIN ever view'd with envy wan,
Form'd a *Deistic Schism*, a counter-plan.

BANKS whose high soul ambitious aims divide,
 Whether SIR JOHN (2) succeeding, to *preside*,
 Or Seek *Tabeité* in the Southern seas,
 Mould, colonize, and *King* it at his ease;
 BANKS stood aloof, unless the *Señ* would draw
 Their creed, and precepts from the *Turkish* law;
 He would adopt no other mode of faith,
Seraglio's here, and *Houri's*, after death;
 Nor would accede, unless the *Prophet* trim,
 And *Wonderworker* would embark with Him.

Hence some confusion in th' assembly rose;
 But swol'n with wind, enlarged the *Prophet* grows.
 And fired by *novelty*, and *rashly blind*,
 (As usual) *sacred frenzy* fill'd his mind.
Tabeité He beheld in prospect fair,
 No *institutions* to be coped with there
 Or *civil* or *religious*; no controul,
 But the Inhabitants, both *limbs* and *soul*,
 Are *one unconfscious nudity*." To BANKS
 (He cried) "are due our gratitude and thanks,
 "O *Glorious Voyager*!—But from on high
 The *Goddeſs* glanc'd a beam on FRANKLIN's eye;
 He saw th' *absurdity* in clearest light,
 And 'gainst these *fallies* strove with vigorous might;
 Adduc'd the *Man's* first principle of action,
His love of *toil*; and *his own* love of *faction*;
 What would avail *his miracles* and *spells*!
 Or how preach *unbelief* to *Infidels*!

(2) He has since succeeded Sir John, as President of the Royal Society.

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BANKS

BANKS contradicted in his favourite plan,
 To ORPHEUS thus *almost* the only Man
 Was lost, whose bosom feels the lambent flame
 Of *Science*; who deserves a *Patron's* name.
Friend of the *arts*, with generous spirit fraught;
Friend of the *Wife*, himself by *Pallas* taught.
 These qualities, like *charity*, shall veil
 His little foibles, and each spot conceal.
 While in the *fairest* philosophic page
 His name shall ornament this *trivial* age.

BANKS fled, SOLANDER scrupled to remain;
 Thus the *Jackall* retreats, the *Lion* slain.
 Yet was *his* loss immense.—By night, by day
 Who can like Him, *intelligence* convey?
 In spreading *puffs*, who equal his renown?
 He baffles all the *news-papers* in town.
 This excellence from *general knowledge* springs,
 From gleaning all the *surfaces* of things.
 A voluble and ready tongue he plies
 Which with obsequious mien, and humble eyes,
 At clubs, at tea-tables, at friendly greetings,
 At snuggest parties, and most private meetings
 Gain him admission.—Thus from Ministers,
 Patriots, Pimps, Parsons, Whores, Philosophers,
 He worms their *secrets*; which with *judgment due*,
 And ever to *good-nature's* dictates true,
 He publishes: hence no resentments rise,
 And on his speech no stain of *scandal* lies.
 Can NORTH's hir'd, busy, bustling runners dare,
 Can any *Statesman's* *Imps* with Him compare?

Or

Or could they in a *new Religion's* cause,
 Earn by success, the *tithe* of his applause?
 But *bonds* had fix'd him to his *Patron's* side,
Bonds which *his* hands at least will ne'er divide.
 In *Sweden* born, self-love possess'd his soul,
Sweden, than *Scotland* nearer to the pole.

But now amid the *Philosophic* croud
 All was rude clamour, and disorder loud.
 Not *FRANKLIN's* art th' obstreperous *mob* could awe,
 For *mobs* are still averse to *sense* and *law*.
Folly was rife in every social breast,
 And *Vanity* fought hard with *Interest*.
These the new sect would head, *those* damn it quite,
 Till all, together join, from *very* spite;
 Laugh, chatter, sneer, and the *twin Prophets* scout,
 Then thro' the door rush forth; a rabble rout
 Noisy as *Circe's*. But they soon confess
 Their *humbled* pride; in its full-blown excess
 To *Serpents* changed, and hissing *F R S*.

Now the awaken'd *artists* throng around;
 For all, but *REYNOLDS*, heard the trumpet's sound.
Deafness preserv'd the *academic Sire*,
 And sav'd Him broken bones from *JOHNSON's* ire.
JOHNSON, whose bigotry, whose wit, whose taste,
 Some stern *Inquisitor* had aptly grac'd
 Or *Oxford Pedant*; to the flames would give
 All those who *freely* think, or *freely* live.

Who move a step beyond th' *established* pale,
 And *College* faith renounce, and *College* ale.
 REYNOLDS, (Copartner in his club,) who knows
 Nought of *religion*, but what *Painting* shews,
 In *Lexiphanic* chains 'tward *Heaven* is led,
 And to the *Brutal Doctor* bows his head.

WEST well acquainted with poetic strain,
 Inform'd that ORPHEUS had appear'd again
 With envy pined; not that his vaunted name
 Was crown'd with wisdom's or with music's fame;
 But that the world should ever view an elf,
 Who in *uxoriousness* surpass'd *Himself*.

The *foreign Artists* now the *Prophet* seek,
 While golden hopes flush every sordid cheek.
 They peep, they peer, they scan Him with their eye,
 His picture may *some little* gain supply.
 But *Infidelity* with care had spread
 A *murky* glory round her Favourite's head;
 They strive in vain, confounding shade with light,
 The *murky* glory dazzl'd their weak sight.
 Yet ORPHEUS such attention to repay,
 Sent not the *Reptiles* unconsol'd away.
 They learn that tho' their crimes and conduct wild
 Had *many* from their *native soil* exil'd,
 And drove them their religion to forego,
 Plagu'd in this world, and batter'd to and fro,
 They need not wish, or study to repent,
 Tho' wicked *here*, as on the *Continent*;

Their

Their terrors of the *Devil* all were idle,
And they might still ride *Vice* without a bridle.

They smile, they nod, they grin, they bless their fate,
The joyful news at *chop-houses* relate;
Cellars, and *Brothels*, hear their orgies glad,
And conscience-freed, the *Knaves* and *Fools* run mad.

Now t'ward the *Hay-market* the din was spread,
And fat-brain'd *Music* rear'd her drowsy head.
In troops *her Children* to the dome proceed;
Eunuchs and *Vestals* of Italian breed
With bows and curties to the throne draw near;
The *Prophet* aptly greets them with an *air*.
But as self-taught, in *wood-notes* wild He sung,
GIARDINI curs'd his *unharmonious* tongue;
Curs'd inwardly: but to the motley throng
Applauded every cadence of his song.

" This is the *Sage*, (He cried) whose mighty skill
" Subdues all nature to his sovereign will.
" Intent to save Us from remorse and pain,
" He div'd to *Hell* and mounted up again.
" Div'd thro' the *Devil's A—a peak*, and brought
" To upper air the true *Letbean* draught.

The *Eunuch* strait begg'd to forget his fires,
The torment of unsatiable desires,
The *Vestals* humbly move their modest prayer,
" Oh, let us drink oblivion to our care!

" Our

" Our flames, our pangs, our aching bones assuage
 " And quell invenom'd *Cytherea's* rage!"

But e'er the *Prophet* could announce their fate,
 Onward in all the pomp of tragic state
 Th' assembled *Actors* move; while with a sigh,
 Away the *Operatic Nothings* fly:
 For *Roscius* led the band—O *Death!* thy sway
 Hath robb'd indignant *Satire* of her prey.
 Yes, in the grave, let all his failings rest,
 Honours' and Truths' aversion, Wisdom's jest.
 There let each trick and artifice remain,
 The love of flattery, and the love of gain.
 Each scheme to sink aspiring *Genius* down,
 Each plot to grasp at profit or renown:
 Each bargain mean, from merit shrewdly won;
 Diffimulation, mimicry, and fun.
 There let his foibles and his vices rest,
 And Earth, lie lightly on his little breast!

He came for confirmation in his creed,
 That gold was *Worth's* inseparable meed.
 To be inform'd (as he had erst been told)
 If e'en *Hereafter* might be bought with gold?
 Or, as in *France*, he heard *Hereafter* flouted,
 It *Here* clos'd up the scene? a point he doubted;

He came: but looking (3) on the *Prophet's* face,

(3) The Hero of this Poem bestowed a most severe literary chastisement on *Roscius*,
 for

Started—and started too without *grimace*.
 Not SHAKESPEARE's feign'd, but *Nature's* real fear
 He felt, and fled swift as a stricken Deer.

Hubub ensued; to *imitation* prone,
 The *servile band* felt terrors not their own.
 Whate'er their Master does, they too must do;
 He ran, and after Him the *Apish Crew*.

But more *original*, without dismay,
 Relying on themselves, the *Females* stay.
 Sanguine, and full of faith, their minds soar high;
 All are for glorious *immortality*.
 They rant, they rave, they scold, for fame they burn;
 And terrify the *Prophet* in his turn.
 Weak female strength! some scruples must perplex,
 And curiosity *will* mark the Sex.

YATES, (tho' for some by-end, which she knew not)
 The *Sage* on future life might cast a blot,)
Swore, He believ'd the *testament*, and *all*,
 Except perhaps some *prudish* texts of PAUL.
 But, as by magic, spells, or God knows what,
 She thought indeed He might have smell'd a rat,
 Ask'd, if the odious *matrimonial* bands
 Must in *another world* tie up her hands?
 In every point she long'd to be Commander,
 And act the real part of ALEXANDER?

for some mean manœuvres in winding up the melancholy Fate of the unfortunate
 Moslop.

Must *Women* always *Womanhood* inherit?
 Could he not change, not *masculate* her *Spirit*?

BARRY declared she lived for *fame* alone.
 (*Fame* doubtless loosed her chaste and virgin zone)
 Yet to more *gross* desires *some* thoughts could give,
 And soft enquired how long her (4) *Spouse* might live?
 As for *this life* his doctrines were design'd,
 Whether the *Sage* a recipe could find
 To stop its pleasures fleeting on so fast?
 And quicken its *enjoyments* to the last?

The *Rest*, a tribe beneath the *Muses'* pen,
 Were clamorous for kind *Keepers*, Who? and When?
 How to trick out their persons, to insnare
 Some lecherous Cit, Old Jew, or beardless Heir:
 How *Husbands*, and *Relations* to escape;
 When best to *yield*, or when *invite* a r—pe:
 T' exchange for *rural* scenes, the *City's* smoke;
 And to be certain *Hell* was but a joke.

Now glide the *Poets* o'er the hallow'd ground,
 With bays, in *Covent-Garden* purchased, crown'd.
Bards puff'd in news-papers, self-made, self-raised,
 By sense despis'd, in coffee-houses prais'd;
Kenrick and *Tickle*, genuine Sons of *Tate*,
Murphy and *Ayscough*, *Cumberland* and *Bate*.

(4) By this and other circumstances the Reader will see, this Poem has been written
 some years since.

These

*These, with one inharmonious voice, disclaim
The verdant laurel of immortal fame;
Nor covet aught Posterity can give,
But that their works long as themselves may live.*

The *Prophet* frankly told them, that his power
Could not insure their fate a single hour.
Yet, as *translations* seem to please the Town,
And boldest, rankest *plagiarisms* go down,
Perhaps a *farce*, a *song*, or *swindled play*,
Might by good chance survive, at least a day.

Colman and *Sheridan* fought not the dome,
Their minds were busily employ'd at home,
With *their performances* alone t'engage,
And drive all *rising genius* from the stage.
Or by *contrasted vapidness* t'exalt
To livelier flavour their own, *vapid salt*.

Meanwhile conceal'd beneath some distant sky,
The *true-born offspring of Apollo* lie,
Nor hear the trumpets' din—They all resign'd
The base *Metropolis*, to merit blind.
GRAY, now forgetful of poetic worth,
Was writing *memorandums* from the North.
MASON, erst nervous, elegant, and chaste,
Retouch'd *ELFRIDA* for the public taste.
BEATTIE, who scorn'd the *fictions* of his youth,
Was hunting *pensions* in the cause of truth.

Down-

DOWNMAN, the *Muses Land* no more his care,
Was planning a *translation* of VOLTAIRE.
And WARTON, quitting the *Castalian* shore,
Tugg'd with huge toil at th' *Antiquarian* oar.

But next advance'd the *ÆSCULAPIAN Crew*;
In such a throng some mischief might ensue,
And claim their skill—The *Prophet* they despise;
For Who, except *themselves*, are learn'd, or wise?

Here JEBB, whose open palm for ever itches,
Whose *only* passion is the love of riches;
Rather the *first*—for as by some is reckon'd,
A love of paltry honours, is the *second*.
Beneath a *seeming* frank and liberal dress,
He hides his prudence and penuriousness.
Would freely barter *morals* and *religion*,
And worship *Mabomet*, or e'en his *Pigeon*,
Some *lucrative* appointment to enjoy;
In *avarice*, more than man, in *wit*, a boy.
On *Scotia's* mountains, spite of wind and weather,
He would have *throve*, and scraped *bawbees* together,
To work a greater wonder, is his lot,
He at *St. James's*, his *Milch-cows* has got,
And drains their udders with the *'craftiest* Scot.

Next HEBERDEN, (a true Believer) came,
His *med'cines* potent made with *gospel flame*.
Doubts of futurity were not his theme;
He hasten'd thither on a diff'rent scheme :

This

This *Sage* arrived from *Derby*, or the *Seres*,
Might haply prompt him with a set of *Queries*.

ELLIOTT fought peace of mind from inward strife,
He saw an amiable, deserving *Wife*,
By his own *profligacy*, (mourn'd too late)
Forced into *vice*, and render'd *profligate*.

Physic retired; *Law* enters. See its *Guide*!
Scotch modesty, array'd in *ermine* pride
Trembling with age, with apprehensions more,
The step of *MANSFIELD* press'd the *Prophet's* floor.
With wistful eye surveying all around,
Fain would he grasp a *straw*, like men half-drown'd.
Yet struck with *terror*, other *terrors* bind,
And still to *evil* fix his *coward* mind.
He dreads the wrath to *come*, while conscience stings,
But doubly dreadful is wrath of *Kings*.

THURLOW whose youth was in debauchery spent,
Who scoff'd at *abstinence*, and ne'er kept *lent*.
A constant vot'ry at the shrine of power,
While still the grapes He could not reach were four.
At length *preferr'd*, is too elate and high
To care for aught on *earth*, or in the *sky*,
But the Display of his *authority*.
When as the trumpet therefore struck his ears,
He thought it call'd Him to the *House of Peers*,
To rule each contest with *important* face,
And *document*, and *snub* the *Lordling* Race.

WEDDERBURNE backward shrunk at FRANKLIN's name,
 To join with Him, might injure his *dear fame*.
 Yet wish'd success e'en to the Man he hated,
 Could he but prove *Hell* was *annihilated*.

Of soul most *nice*, and sentiments most *chaste*,
 This plan accorded not with DUNNING's *taste*.
 Genteel, accomplish'd, elegant, and trim,
 Nothing but *pure refinements* suited Him.
 A new-raised *Prophet*! and in such a place!
 Where is the *beauty, decency, and grace*?
 Hereafter *was* perhaps a jest, a fable;
 The tenet might be true—if *fashionable*.
 But till *Politeness* own'd them, in his eyes,
 Truth could not e'er be truth, or Wisdom *wise*.

WALLACE affirm'd that *Law* was all in all;
 By *law*, a deep-sunk trench, might be a wall.
 Nay, should the *sacred legislation* make
 A land of brimstone, and a sulphur lake,
 And doom this *Welshman* thither, He would trust
 That *nolens volens, Hell-ward* go He must.
 Say, is the *Deity omnipotent*?
 Can he make void an *Act of Parliament*?
 Tho' Fools perhaps may think the *dogma* odd,
 With Him, an *Act of Parliament* is *God*.

ORPHEUS, amaz'd at what He heard and saw,
 Exclaim'd, ye Pow'rs, deliver me from *law*!
 The *Lawyers*, not behind-hand in their prayer,
 Cried, shield *our* minds from *all religious* care!

ORPHEUS,

ORPHEUS, PRIEST OF NATURE, &c.

A P O E M,

IN THREE CANTOS.

C A N T O III.

ARGUMENT.

A battle. On one side, the Clergy; on the other, ORPHEUS, FRANKLIN, TOLERATION, and INFIDELITY. The latter are Victors. Some Irregulars of the order remain, PRIESTLEY, LINDSEY. Statesmen otherwise employed. The King taken up with his own piety. The fame of ORPHEUS reaches to foreign countries. The King of PRUSSIA sends Him a letter, and confers on Him the honour of Knighthood. VOLTAIRE, ROUSSEAU. The plan of INFIDELITY not taking place in its full extent, She forms another. The Ladies of easy virtue shall apply to Him for consolation on their death-beds. Marchioness of C--RM--TH--N, Lady GR--SV--N--R, Lady L--G--N--R, Lady D--RBY. The success of ORPHEUS. The Poet gives him his advice as a friend, which if he neglects, the Clergy, being more sensibly provoked, will accomplish by stratagem, what they could not effect by force.

H EAVEN! what dread clamours rise! what wild alarms!
Old Orthodoxy (1) stirs her sons to arms.

In

(1) The Clergy, at least the heads of that body, certainly deserve all the Poet's Satire,

In phalanx *Bishop* with *Archbishop* joins,
Lecturers, and *Readers*, *Curates*, *School-Divines*
 In dire battalia move; supplied by rage
 With various weapons, all prepar'd t' engage.
 These wield aloft the *Spirits' rusty sword*,
 Those bring the *mimic thunder* of the *Word*;
 While *Helmets of Salvation*, rent and torn,
 Or vamp'd with paste-board beavers, some adorn.
 LOWTH conjures up *JOB's* (2) *Ghost*, and eke *ISAIAH's*,
 N—— his huge antlers boasts, like *ZEDEKIAH's*.
Canons and *Prebendaries* claim their right.
 And, bearing *spits* and *stew-pans*, seek the fight.
 What Power can save their *Enemies*?—Prepare!
 And either tamely yield, or bravely dare!
 Then fierce the *Prophet* o'er the threshold trod,
 His gown thrown off, he blazed forth like a God.
 Nor wanted in his hand, to guard, or hit,
 What seem'd *Truth's* target, and the spear of *Wit*.
 Behind the shield of *Toleration* stood
 FRANKLIN, the Senior fought as he were *wood* (3).

Satire, for suffering a professed Deistic Place of Worship to be set up in the bosom of the Metropolis. Such a permission justifies his insinuation of their own principles corresponding in secret with those of ORPHEUS. Nay, such a place being opened and publicly attended, may well be called a defeat of their order.

(2) Why the Author introduces *JOB's* Ghost in this place, is not so clear. For *JOB* being the most patient man that ever existed, his Ghost, whoever should conjure it up, seems to be an improper personage to mix in an active combat. Is it only meant metaphorically, to shew that his lordship is endowed with both kinds of courage, the active and the passive valiant? For though it does not appear, that *ISAIAH* was a warrior, his writings are abundantly heroic; and evince a mind daring, sublime, and intrepid. After all, probably this circumstance was intended merely as a Crust for the Critics.

(3) An old word signifying *mad*, *raging*.

With

With dextrous art, and more than mortal ire,
 He scorch'd the Church-men with *electric* fire.
 Or where He saw th' attack more *wave-like* boil,
 Calm'd the tempestuous surge with *magic* oil.
 In *person* to their aid the *Goddeſs* ran,
 Now storm'd the rear, now darted on the van.
 But *moſt* her *ſmiles* o'ercame, the *Sable Crew*
 Fell unrefiſting, for her charms they knew.
 In ſecret *Infidelity* caſt,
 Had cloſe been ſtrain'd to almoſt every *breſt*.
 Now uproar reigns, and echoes to the ſky,
 The *Sable Bands* recoil, and now they fly.

A few *Irregulars* are left behind,
 Croats, and Coſſacks, lawleſs as the wind.
 Variouſly clad, and wanting arms of proof,
 They ſhake their ragged enſigns far aloof.
 Among them *PRIESTLY*; no *Divine* could hide
 With hypocritic veil ſuperior pride.
 No rank *Enthuſiaſt* foſter'd wilder ſchemes
 Of *innovation*, in his waking dreams.
 T'ward *Infidelity* he ever lean'd,
 But *Avarice* and *Ambition* ſtill refrain'd
 His ſoul, held *juſt within the Chriſtian ſphere*,
 Or only kept a *portion* of it *there*.
Religion thus, thus *Common Senſe* he ſhocks,
 A *mongrel Form*, of *Sceptic*, *Orthodox*,
Believer, *Heathen*; in *philofophy*
 He ſcans with niceſt and exacteſt eye;
 But in the ſystems of another kind,

I How

How credulous, how puerile, and blind!
 In heart a *Deist*, but afraid to lose
 His *Patron's* offalls, and his worn-out shoes,
 Or hurt his *reputation*, if too Bold,
 He hates the *Man*, whom no such fears withhold.
 And sneers at this *new* scheme, and carps and bites,
 With such illiberal rancour, as He writes,
 FRANKLIN in *electricity* has shewn
 He grants, some merit, nearly like *his own*.
 " But dares He boast by *miracles* to raise
 " This *young* religion to the height of praise?
 " Of Moderns *I alone* the patent bear,
 " Signs, wonders, prodigies, I draw from air.
 " NEWTON give place! thy glories faintly shine,
 " Contrasted with the brighter rays of mine."

Even the *Prophet's* name He needs must hate,
 With *musical ideas* join'd by fate;
 He hates each letter, hates in part, and whole,
 For *music* ne'er was found in *Priestly's* soul.

LINDSEY advanced; a true *Entusiast* He;
 Yet strange! from every spark of *genius* free,
 The terrors of a *future state*, by force
 Guide his unnatural excentric course:
 Placed on the verge of faith, his tiny sense
 Forms a *dissention*, but no *difference*.
 Altering the *Common-prayer* with fruitless toil,
 Merely its method, and its stile to *spoil*.
 While the *salvation* his *weak* soul affords,
 Hangs on the art of *criticising* words.

This

This Dunce would fain dispute day after day,
On points, at once by ORPHEUS swept away.
But being told none would his labour heed,
Abash'd He fled, yet muttering his own creed.

Statesmen were all too busy to attend,
Them, no attraction from their path could bend.
Not the hoarse thunder, not the bellowing deep,
Not an Arch-angel's trumpet from his sleep
Could rouse up NORTH—An empire to destroy,
Their talents the Majority employ.
While the Minority, to gain their places,
Rant, whine, and strive to cheat with double faces.
SANDWICH indeed, and LE DESPENCER grin,
To hear *their* faith is likely to come in.

How should our Monarch catch the trumpet's sound,
Swaddled, and wrapt in piety around?
Yet chance it seems had brought before his eyes
Some of the Prophet's wire-drawn rhapsodies.
He took one fav'rite principle alone,
Admired it, and adopted as his own.
"Sinners (4) to Saints should justly be prefer'd."
Therefore he cull'd from out the Courtier Herd
Rakes, Atheists, Cowards, All who Sin adore;
But circled thus, his goodness shines the more.

This Isle however bounds not ORPHEUS' fame,
Rumour to distant shores convey'd his name.

(5) Essays on Public Worship.

Immortal

Immortal FREDERIC, to reward the *Wight*,
 Sends Him a *kingly scroll*, and dubs him *Knight*.
 Immortal FREDERIC, why not quickly rear
 A temple at *Berlin*? and fix the *Prophet* there.
 Is it not prudent?---To thy poorer Friend
 From thy *full coffers* why no *treasures* send?
 That He the splendid dome may open *here*?
 So *Thou*, to *Science* and the *Muses* dear,
 To *new*, and *matchless* honours shalt aspire;
 In lasting notes hymn'd by th' *Orphean* lyre.
 But now beware of thy *Knight-errant's* curse!
 What *bitter thoughts* spring from an *empty purse*!
 Can with *substantial* bounty, *titles* wied
 Are these, O *Prince*, the times of *Chivalry*?
Disinterested, and *heroic* times?
 Go, quit *Philosophy*, and stick to *Rhimes*.

VOLTAIRE, tho' jealous of all rival worth,
 Hating for *Shakespeare's* sake the *British* earth,
 Yet sends a card to *ORPHEUS* by *Apollo*,
 And promises his *Messenger* to follow.
 And *Margaret's Chapel* would have surely seen,
 The *Lively Shadow*, born of *Wit* and *Spleen*;
 But *Vanity*, in *Paris* check'd his haste,
 Self-slaughter'd at her shrine He breath'd his last.

ROUSSEAU too heard, but felt no heart-felt glee,
 Two *Madmen*, like two (6) *Taylor's*, ne'er agree.

(6) The old saying is, "Two of a trade can never agree." What reason the Poet had

These doctrines how with patience should He bear?
 They *must* be wrong, if favour'd by VOLTAIRE.
 What *Friend* could in his *captious* breast find room,
 Who for a *look alone* discarded Hume?

Yet ORPHEUS' principles and fame fly wide,
 Through *Europe* borne on rumours' ceaseless tide.
 Great *Sage*! Each *Infidel* with rapture cries;
 O *Happy Land*, whose Sons alone are wise!
 Where, *as they list*, All publicly may preach,
 And, what the *Athenians* dared not, freely teach.
 Hail happy *Sage*! hail, happy *Land*, they cry,
 Where *Law*, no shackles casts on *Liberty*!

Meanwhile O *Prophet*, feast on thy *renown*!
 Like other *novelties*, this trifling Town
 Thy precepts shall attend; first croud to hear,
 Then view thee like a *twice-seen Russian Bear*.
 Flatter'd by hopes, these hopes prevail no more,
 The edge of *curiosity* is o'er.
 Whim, pleasure, folly, nonsense, suit this age;
 It asks no *Prophet*, *Law-giver*, or *Sage*.
 In vain a *Socrates* would set up school,
 A very *Solon* would be stiled a Fool.
 Should MOSES, CHRIST, and MAHOMET combine,
 Names (7), which *thy works* have taught me thus to join,
 Their converts would perhaps be few as thine. }

had for particularly stigmatizing the Taylors, I know not. Perhaps, like many of his brother-bards, he hath been often dunned by some of the members of that fraternity. Yet granting this, it seems to be a piece of revenge unworthy the Author and the Poem.

(7) In the lectures on Universal Morality, all the Institutors of revealed religion are treated civilly; but all alike.

Could *reason* teach thee *Patrons* to expect?
 To be *conspicuous*? and to form a *Sect*?
 Fatal *experince* otherwise hath taught,
 And thy *romantic notions* end in *nought*.

Now *Infidelity* her serpents tore,
 She wept, she rav'd, and stamp'd upon the floor.
 But soon recover'd, and with conscious pride
 A *different* scheme, a *surer* plan supplied.
 Tho baffled in th' *extent* of her design,
 She swore that *profit* should at least be thine.
 Thee for her *favourite Child*, she still would seal,
 And, (tho' in humbler path) reward thy zeal.

" See, (She exclaim'd) *the Fair*, a numerous train,
 " Who break, at fashion's call, the marriage chain!
 " See yon illustrious *Demireps*, who sport
 " As pleasure leads them to the *Cyprian* court!
 " The time shall come when sickness will prevail,
 " Their charms be blasted, and their *Votaries* fail;
 " When Age shall wither all their vivid bloom,
 " Or Death approaching beckon to the tomb.
 " Then shall they send for *thee* to soothe their fears,
 " Strengthen their hearts, and wipe away their tears.

" Her Friends, her Lover, health and beauty fled,
 " What spectres throng round (8) D——'s drooping head!

Here

(8) *What spectres throng round D----'s, &c.*] This circumstance seems to mark the time when the Author composed his Poem; for he never would have been so unpolite

" Here *Ghosts* arise, and angry *Demons* yell,
 " Ah! Who shall snatch her from the jaws of *Hell*!
 " Thou shalt be present in the dreadful hour,
 " Her wounded soul shall feel thy healing power.
 " The *Eleusnian Mysteries* shall be taught,
 " Her lips imbibe the true *Lethæan* draught.
 " She closes with a *smile* her languid eyes,
 " And freed from all *remorse*, in *comfort* dies.

" With *royal* blood, and blood of every sort
 " In city, country, navy, camp, and court,
 " G——R fed high; at length in deep despair
 " Bequeaths her soul to thy benignant care.
 " Oh, take it ORPHEUS! lewd, bold, light, and vain,
 " Wrapp'd in the darkness, whence it sprang, again,

" Tired of *Ambassadors*, and *Stable-boys*,
 " See L——R resigns her amorous joys!
 " Denied the *relish*, and the *power* to sin,
 " All *shame* without, and *horror* all within,
 " Is she too *infamous*?—Yet pity take;
 " And give her *absolution*, for my sake.

" Seduc'd by love of vice, or of the *ton*,
 " Sprung from the fair and virtuous H——N,
 " Her Husband, and her family disgrac'd,
 " Object no more of D——T's fated taste.

as to file the Lady's *Husband* her *Lover*. Besides, *being married again*, and thereby having her *Virtue and Reputation* restored, he would have been guilty of an absurdity, in mentioning her at all.

" D——Y

" D——y, each gay fantastic pleasure lost,
 " By thee is wafted to th' *oblivious* coast.
 " Oh wond'rous *Sage*, (she cries) my terrors cease,
 " There is no *Devil*, and I die in peace!"

Thus INFIDELITY disclos'd her plan;
 And ORPHEUS his new business strait began.
 The *Goddeſs* left him, through the world to rove,
 The *Priest of Nature* turns the *Priest of Love*.
 Sick, or in health, the doubting Females' Guide,
 His *rules for life*, his *charms for death* they tried.

So far the *Poet*; now in language plain,
 To DAVID, not to ORPHEUS flows my strain.
 O *Friend*, here curb thy rash *romantic* flight!
 Content to reap both profit and delight.
 No *Priest* shall meet thee here with envious jostle,
 But Thou be fix'd the *Demirep's Apostle*.

Yet well I know, (g) the fallies of thy soul
 No hopes of gain, no prudence can controul.
 In *viſion* I ſurvey the *weakneſs* ſpread,
 And not *frail Females* only *conſcience-led*,
 But *their Seducers* in the paths of ill,
 Truſting at laſt to thy *deluſive ſkill*.
 Dreams of ſucceſs thy every thought enthral,
 Ambition prompts thee, and I ſee thy fall,

(g) ORPHEUS and his Apostles, are plotting ſome further ſchemes in the cauſe of Infidelity.

Alas!

Alas! I see thee pale! I see thee dead!
I see thee mangled! and without a head!

Thy *mental medicine* BESBOROUGH shall seek,
(While tears of gratitude bedew their cheek)
Its efficacy, DORSET, WILKES, shall own.
FALMOUTH, and DOLERAINE, and HARRINGTON,
And BOLINGBROKE, shall at their latest breath
Thy *opiate* quaff, to soothe the pangs of death;
Memory with chains infrangible to bind,
And in *eternal slumbers* plunge the mind.

I see the *Priesthood*, vengeful, and alarm'd!
Their trade in danger, they again are arm'd.
For tho' the *Female Confessor* they bear,
These *dying Worthies* give them serious fear.
What for *religion* they before might shun,
For more *prevailing interest* shall be done.

An *ambuscade* is form'd!--While Thou at leisure,
T'ward *Wimbledon*, and *Besborough's* house of *pleasure*
Art straying careless on; forth rush *thy foes*!
They shout, they strike, and blows succeed to blows!
The *Goddes* absent, FRANKLIN now in *France*;
And *Toleration* in lethargic trance,
They tear thee limb from limb, and furious spread
The fragments o'er the blushing fields; thy head
Floats down the stream; with low and murmuring cry
Thy mouth still utters *Infidelity*,
The streams, the shores, the swans the murm'ring sound reply.

F I N I S.

Alas! I see thee pale! I see thee dead!
I see thee mangled! and without a head!

Thy mental medicine Bannisteron shall feel,
(While tears of gratitude bedew their cheek)
Its efficacy, Dorset, Wilkes, shall own,
Falmouth, and Dolven, and Harrington,
And Bollinger, shall as their latest pain
Thy opiate dust, to soothe the pangs of death;
Memory with chains inextricable to bind,
And in eternal slumber plunge the mind.

I see the Prisoner, vengeful, and avenge'd,
Their wreath in danger, they again are wend;
For the the French Conqueror they bear,
These dying Warriors give them serious fear,
What for religion they before might shun,
For more prevailing, vengeance shall be done.

An ambuscade is form'd!—While Thou art lying,
Toward Windchen, and the tower's house of prayer,
Art straying candles on a stormy, sultry day,
They shout, they strike, and blows dashed to blows!
The God's silent, Franklin now in France,
And Tolpin in lespart, and
They tear thee limb from limb, and furious and
The fragments of the shining shield, thy hood,
Flots down the stream, with low and murmuring cry,
Thy mouth still utters syllables,
The stream, the horse, the hunter, the prey.